

Vol. 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

No. 1.

THE
Bivouac
BIVOUAC.

[THIS SPACE WILL CONTAIN AN APPROPRIATE CUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE
SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF LOUISVILLE.

TERMS: \$1.50 per Year, Payable in Advance.

ADDRESS:
EDITORS OF "THE BIVOUAC," LOUISVILLE, KY.

PRINTED AT THE COURIER-JOURNAL JOB ROOMS.

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THE BIVOUAC.

OUR FIRST PAGE.

It is opportune to give the "why" of this change in the mode of publishing THE BIVOUAC.

There are now on file for early insertion many contributions from points in Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Ohio, and Indiana, and all of these are of such a character as certainly would have interested the Confederate soldier, and which it is thought will prove equally attractive to that numerous class of good citizens now known as ex-Confederates, but these "war-papers" will not be so eagerly sought after by the *other* readers of the city journals; therefore the editors of THE BIVOUAC have concluded that it would be unreasonable to ask for the space necessary for their publication.

Though times have changed it is not believed that the ex-soldiers of the Confederacy have so changed with them as to be indifferent to the recital of the old stories, neither is it doubted that comrades, wherever they may be scattered, will contribute reminiscences, enjoy the reading of those sent by others, and laugh at the repetition of the wit and humor of the bivouac.

A subscription to THE BIVOUAC will assist in the preservation of the papers of the association in a neat and durable form, as well as aid the society in securing a more comfortable room than that now used for its meetings.

The first number of this unpretending magazine is now placed in your hands with the hope that its contents may prove so palatable that, like Oliver Twist, you will "cry for more," and send at once the amount called for by the terms of subscription.

With your hearty assistance the success of our little volume is assured.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE.

It is the purpose of this paper to give only personal recollections of Vicksburg during the memorable siege. What we had to eat and drink and how we got it have been fruitful themes of conversation, but I have never read an article which gave any thing like my own experience. In addition to our eating and drinking I shall state how we lived, if indeed there was any thing of life to a soldier outside of what he had to eat and drink.

Vicksburg is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi River near the elbow of an immense bend. The Federal army was just above the city on the west bank of the river, and it was a very short distance from where their fleet was anchored across the narrow neck of land to the river below us. The country immediately in rear of Vicksburg is exceedingly hilly and the hills very steep, but the land is rich and productive. There are many houses in the city where first floor in front is the third story in rear. Our habitations were just outside the city limits and were constructed after the most improved order of architecture, but without modern improvements. They were constructed, too, some time before they were to be used, and as is usual in such cases we had much extra work to do. We had been in camp on Chickasaw Bayou, about midway between Vicksburg and Haynes's Bluff on the Yazoo.

We were marched out in the direction of Jackson to Big Black River, at the railroad crossing, to join our forces which had been engaging the Federal troops who crossed the Mississippi River at and near Grand Gulf, below Vicksburg. They were vastly superior in numbers and defeated us at Champion Hills, Baker's Creek, and Edwards's Depot, and drove us hurriedly and in confusion across Big Black and into Vicksburg.

On the 17th of May, 1863, we were in Vicksburg, and that night we burned the houses immediately in front and rear of the ditches, and every one knew and realized that the time had come for a great and decisive battle. We slept that night just inside our trenches and the soldiers discussed the gravity of the situation. We knew that night we would be surrounded and cut off from all communication with the world. The situation was gloomy and uncomfortable. A siege with all its horrors was before us, and while doubting the wisdom and capacity of our commanders, we nerved ourselves for the combat which was to settle the control of the great river which divided our country.

No one who has not the experience can imagine the feelings of men under such circumstances. Still we did not realize the magnitude of the thing. We knew the place could not be taken by assault even if all the Federal armies were in our front. We felt a little nervous about our river front, but we expected relief from General Johnston, in which event we hoped to destroy our adversaries.

Before the siege began considerable quantities of supplies had been sent into Vicksburg, such as cattle, sheep, corn, peas, etc., but by no means as much as should have been there. The supply of bacon and flour was not large and hard-tack was scarce. Our bill of fare was at no time large, but was the best the market afforded.

On the 18th of May the Federal army appeared in our front and invested the city. I was in the center between the main Jackson road and the cemetery road. General McPherson's corps was in our front. The trenches were on the tops of a series of ridges or hills and quite crooked, extending from the river above to the river below, and our water front was protected by some heavy guns and strong works. On all the commanding points and important angles we had batteries planted which were never a great way apart and well supported. When the ditches were dug it did not enter the minds of those in charge of the work that they would be the habitation of so many men for so long a time. So when we moved into the ditches on the 18th of May we found them uncomfortable and very dangerous to go in or out during the day, and as we had to have water and food it was the first difficulty to solve. So we dug trenches leading to the rear, and as the hills were steep we did not have to go far before we were out of sight. The first two days we jumped on the bank and ran to the rear, but the salute of sharpshooters was so uninviting that very few wants were pressing enough to take us to the rear. We were well armed, nearly every man having a rifle and a musket loaded with buckshot. We dug shelves in the sides of the trenches where we laid our cartridges, and each man felt capable of doing much deadly work. The trees had been cut down in our front and left lying as they had fallen, which at places rendered the ground almost impassable. The trenches were of such depth that a man of ordinary height would get a good rest when he shot. As we had no place to fly to we went into those ditches to die if needs be, but never to run. On the 18th of May there was some brisk skirmishing, and from that day we were in a state of siege and formed decidedly a close corporation. Our position was such as to give us full view of both our own lines and those of the enemy on our right near the railroad.

On the 19th there was a spirited assault made, which was repulsed with great ease. On the morning of the 22d there was a general charge all along the lines, which was renewed in the afternoon. We had no difficulty in driving them back in our front, but on our right and in full view from our position it was much more determined. We could see clearly the lines of McClelland's men advancing until they planted a flag at our very line. It was the grandest sight I ever saw. Line after line advancing and none going back. Those who were not slain or wounded were too near to retreat until dark, and the deadly work went on until darkness closed it. I have understood that Gen. McClelland was removed because he claimed more glory that day than Gen. Grant was willing to concede him; in fact he claimed that if proper support had been given him he would have captured the works. In that he was mistaken, but my sympathies were always on his side. From that time on we were not assaulted, and the slow but sure process was adopted of starving us out.

The sharpshooters of the enemy were in many places nearer to our works than one hundred yards, and it became necessary to use every precaution against exposure. We made port-holes by sinking a small wooden box in the top of our ditch, which was easily done on account of the steepness of the hill. The dirt was thrown back over the box, and a little grass placed over the outer end so it could not be seen, and we would watch an opportunity through that to try our guns.

We did very little shooting compared to the Federals, as it was important to save our ammunition.

The shells from the batteries in our front would often go through the city. Their artillery firing was usually very heavy but did us little damage and soon ceased to even frighten us. The Federals planted a number of large mortar-guns on the opposite side of the river some distance back, from which they shelled the city day and night during the siege. The shells from the mortars would sometimes burst in the clouds and you could hear the report of the gun long enough before there was any danger to hunt a place of safety.

We soon ceased to pay any attention to the mortars, as they only seemed designed to scare the women and children, of whom there were very many in Vicksburg. They sought shelter in caves which were dug in the sides of the hills. The clay was of such a character that it seldom caved in and the little homes under ground were quite comfortable except when it rained, which made the entrance disagreeable. There were thousands of those caves, some of which are

still there. Immediately in rear of the ditches on the hillside were hundreds of such habitations. Men not on duty would sleep in them and it was the safest place for the sick. It was sad yet comical to see the mother cooking at the entrance to her cave, with a flock of little children playing in the hot sun around her, and suddenly hearing a shell from the mortar she would fly with her little ones for safety like a hen with her brood when the hawk approaches. Some of those faithful mothers and innocent little ones were killed, but it seemed that a kind Providence was caring for them, as but few, comparatively speaking, were hurt. In many instances mothers with their children were in those caves entirely dependent upon our noble soldiers for protection from insult and violence. But few people could remain in their houses except in one part of the city. Supplies of private families soon gave out and all had to be fed by the commissary department, which at times we thought needed feeding badly itself.

Something to eat is an important item with a soldier and was a scarce article in Vicksburg. When the siege commenced we had large quantities of cattle and sheep inside the city, but we had no pasture except the inclosure made by the ditches. So, many were turned loose and soon came in large numbers up to the trenches feeding on the grass just inside our lines, and the Federal sharpshooters killed them faster than we did. The weather was hot and we could not remove them when killed until night, and by that time the meat was spoiled. So we were soon without beef or mutton. Our supply of bacon was not large and we were cut down to one quarter of a ration of meat a day, and that was a small slice about the size of your finger, and we preferred that raw. Our corn and meal soon became scarce, and having but little flour at any time in the Western armies, the question of bread became serious.

The Mississippi bottom produces in great abundance a red pea usually called cow-pea, which are sown broadcast in the corn when it is laid by, and the vines run over the corn, producing a large yield. Cows and hogs are fond of them and negroes also when they are boiled with fat meat. But it takes several hours to boil them so as to be suitable for food, and if eaten before perfectly cooked they are neither palatable nor healthy. There was a large quantity of cow-peas in Vicksburg, and instead of boiling them the novel idea struck some one of grinding them into meal and making "pea bread." That experiment was tried. Our rations were cooked in a deep ravine about a mile in rear of the ditches and were brought out and issued

at the foot of the hill in rear of the ditches. The meal was made into dough with cold water and a little salt sometimes mixed in, and then baked in skillets until brown. So our "pea bread" came looking well browned and we tried it. We were capable of eating any thing, but the "pea bread" was a little ahead of any thing. The crust was brown but the bread tasted like raw peas, and in fact it could not be cooked in the shape of bread. It was incapable of being cooked in that way and made us all sick, so it had to be abandoned as bread and we soon had all the peas devoured by being properly boiled.

Finally, when the corn meal and peas were exhausted, they gave us two small biscuits a day and one slice of bacon. We became very weak, and but for the fact that we knew it was all that could be done there would have been great complaint. We had no place to forage and the safest place in Vicksburg was in the ditches.

Much has been said about our soldiers eating mule meat. It is true that a number of mules were killed for food, but they were used mostly for the sick and wounded for soup. It was a delicacy. A few hundred mules were killed and the meat "jerked," but we never got any. Our teamster, a man by the name of Burns, had a mule we all knew as a faithful standby, named Jack, and poor old Jack was put into the soup-mill. I never tasted mule meat myself, but I certainly would have eaten it had the opportunity offered. I saw some delicious looking rats broiled one evening, but they were not numerous enough to be of much use. Our fare upon the whole was very rough, badly prepared, and very scant. It was difficult to get wood and water to cook with, and our appetites were never satisfied. But our life was such that we could do on little. We could not take exercise. We had to sit on the ground in the broiling sun from morning until night and then sleep as best we could.

The ditches were not wide enough to stretch out across them, so we doubled up as best we could with one blanket. But when it rained our condition was pitiable. The water would come pouring down the ditches knee deep, and to stand up was certain death, and to sit down was both damp and uncomfortable, and to lie down was to drown. So we sat down. When the rain would be over and some of us would crawl back out of the ditches, we were the hardest looking specimens of humanity I have ever seen before or since. For some time after the rains the ditches would remain very muddy, and but for our fatigue sleep would have been out of the question. We suffered very much from heat. We could get no air and the weather

was very hot, and shelter from the sun was impossible. The water was very bad. There are some of the finest springs on the bluff above Vicksburg I have ever seen, but the water is rotten limestone, and even that was outside our lines. We sunk little wells in the hollow behind the trenches, but it was unwholesome and filthy water. We were daily burying our dead close by our wells. We undertook to haul our water from the river and would drag down a dead mule to throw in the river to get rid of the stench, and haul back a load of water, but sharpshooters behind the levee on the opposite side of the river made that quite an uncomfortable business.

In addition to that they planted some parrot-guns behind the levee and the music of one of those shells would quench the thirst of any one. So we had to confine our operations to the night, and then it was very dangerous going back into the city. The bullets and shells seemed to all center down in town from all around the lines and across the river also, and, as stated before, the safest place was in the ditches.

I usually went down in town once a week to see friends who were scattered about in caves, but I was dodging shells all the time. You could readily see the shells from the mortars with the naked eye, but those vicious little Parrot-guns kept their shells screaming through town all the while. The most demoralizing thing of the whole siege was a mean practice the Federals got at of undermining and blowing us up. On account of the steep hills and the character of the clay it was not a hard thing to do, and it upset us more than every thing else besides. We did not think it fair, as it gave us no chance. They blew up a fort immediately on our left and killed quite a number of men, and we all thought the next day would bring our time.

Of course we had no opportunity or place for bathing and the ditches were full of vermin except when the rain washed them off. I was out on picket duty one night in front of the ditches. The watch lasted all night but we had to crawl back before light. It was the night after the charge of the 22d of May. The dead were unburied and the wounded were uncared for. Their piteous wails greeted me all night and their mournful appeals were heartrending indeed. I desired to render relief, but whenever I moved a minnie-ball admonished me that I would soon want an infirmary corps if I did not remain quiet. It was one of the most distressing nights of my life, and of all the horrors of that dreadful struggle I can recall nothing sadder. It was two or three days before the Federals asked permission to bury their dead, and the wounded had in the meantime

died. The stench from the dead almost drove us from the ditches. For a couple of hours while the dead were being buried the firing ceased, and that was the only breathing-spell we had during the siege. It was a fearfully monotonous life. We lost some men every day and at times our sick-list was large.

I helped bury a friend one day on the hill near the city hospital. He and I had been wounded in a previous battle and left in the hands of the enemy, but were paroled and were at home together and rejoined our commands just before the siege. He died from a sunstroke. Digging his grave was a hard job. It was fearfully hot, and being at an exposed point we were compelled to employ much of our time in dodging shells. After we got the hole dug a little below the surface we would hide in this grave. It took us nearly all day to perform this sad work. It was the most decent funeral I saw during the siege. His body was in a rough box while all the rest were wrapt in their old army-blankets and laid away in one of the valleys which were soon after used as corn-fields.

One morning only a few days before the surrender the Federals opened fire from all their batteries simultaneously, which they kept up for several hours. They commenced before daylight and kept it up until seven o'clock, and in that time about seven thousand shells were thrown into Vicksburg. I was in rear of the ditches sleeping under a small walnut tree, and so accustomed were we to the noise of artillery and so completely worn out, that it did not waken me until a shell cut a limb off the walnut tree, which fell in my face, and the firing was then nearly over.

A short time before the surrender a mortar-gun was planted in the hollow in rear of our company and commenced shelling the enemy's camp at intervals of about thirty minutes. The Federals determined to silence it and turned their batteries for some distance on both sides on that point. It was a serious thing for us and we were indignant at having such a target set up for our destruction. They elevated their guns so as to drop shells around the mortar and they dropped in our ditch. Of course it was impossible for them to strike the old mortar in any other way than by rolling shells down the hill, which was impossible. But they completely demolished our ditch for about forty yards. The hill was so steep down from our ditch in front that shells striking a few feet in our front would come through into our ditch, and for several days we were forced to vacate a small part of our works, but we rebuilt it at night. Before the surrender they moved the mortar to some other point, much to our gratification.

I helped to dig a place in which to plant a ninety-eight pound columbiad in rear of our brigade. Quite a hole was dug at night before it was observed by our watchful neighbors. We then put detachments of men in the place to work day and night. The enemy undertook to destroy all who worked and the work itself. They turned loose numerous batteries from different points and even tried to drop shells in the hole, which was only about sixteen feet square. It was reached through a deep ditch. I went up there one day to look at it and while in there in company with a half dozen others, a shell half as long as my arm landed in the place, which fortunately did not strike any of us nor did it explode. My curiosity was entirely satisfied.

We finally planted the gun and commenced using it, but so terrific was the fire on that place that it was almost impossible to either load or shoot it. After a few shots it was dismounted. None of our artillery was exposed. When it was necessary to use it it was loaded and wheeled into position, then fired and quickly again out of view. It was almost certain death to lift your head above the ditch to make observations.

The firing was continuous day and night. And so the time passed, always the same, except the daily rumor that Gen. Joe Johnston was near and we would soon be relieved. No tidings from home or the other armies could be received and many mothers and wives were in hearing of the deadly guns who knew not the fate of their loved ones on the inside.

It was out of the question for us to undertake to cut our way out. The enemy outnumbered us at least three to one and were strongly intrenched. Then we had been sitting there drying up for so long that we were too weak to undertake such a thing. We felt that it was a great blunder to send us in there and then leave us to starve, but we took in the situation too well to want to cut our way out unless Gen. Johnston should certainly be on the outside to engage them at the same time.

Finally the morning of the 3d of July came, and about seven o'clock I was seated in the dust in the ditch eating my biscuit, when a shell burst just above us which was loaded with cast shot, and one of them struck my shoulder and caused me to lose a biscuit and feel for a moment that my time had come. In a few minutes the firing ceased, a flag of truce went out, and we then realized that Johnston would not come in time for us. It is impossible to describe our feelings. We sat out on the tops of our ditches and the blue-coats lined

the works in front of us. While we sat there looking at each other a soldier on our left was unable to lose such an opportunity, so he took aim and fired at a bunch of blue-coats in our front, wounding two. We involuntarily rolled into the ditches like turtles off a log and a volley was discharged at us. Then all the firing ceased and was never resumed. All day long the negotiations were progressing. As it had to come, we desired the surrender to take place that day and before the fourth. Why it did not take place that day we were never advised. Early on the morning of the fourth the order was given to stack arms. That must have been agreed upon the preceding day and we were mortified that Gen. Pemberton allowed it to be a cause of additional fourth of July celebration. In a short time the army of the United States marched into Vicksburg and took possession of all our guns and stores. We surrendered about twenty-seven thousand men and an immense supply of artillery. They issued rations to us on the 5th, in our camp in the valley in rear of our ditches. We mingled freely and pleasantly with the soldiers. In the afternoon of the fourth I went up on the hill in rear of our old position and sat on an old log badly splintered by shells, and was meditating in sadness upon the misfortune that had befallen us. While sitting there all alone General McPherson and staff rode up, looking over the field, and asked me some questions. He was a gallant looking soldier and impressed me favorably.

I am advised by Gen. Thomas H. Taylor, who took an active part in all that transpired during those eventful days, that each of the major and brigadier generals and the lieutenant general commanding signed the articles of capitulation except Brigadier-General Baldwin, who refused to sign, giving no reason. I belonged to his brigade and afterward witnessed his sad death in Mobile. General M. L. Smith commanded our division. We could not have held out longer. General Taylor informs me (and he is authority on the subject) that there was not another day's rations left. The meal and flour were all gone. Our ranks had been so depleted by death, wounds, and sickness that the available force did not exceed seventeen thousand men. The Federals intended to celebrate the fourth of July by blowing up some of our forts and probably following it by an assault. We were physically unable to withstand it. We were weak and almost worn out, so that we were no longer our former selves. To surrender was all that was left. We found no fault for that. It was an honorable capitulation and we surrendered with all the honors of war. The men were allowed to retain their baggage

and the officers were allowed to retain their sidearms and horses. I have heard that the terms were more liberal by agreeing to surrender on the fourth.

General Pemberton has been much abused on account of his performance at Vicksburg. My opinion of him in brief is that he was not at all suited to the position or capable of commanding such an army. His loyalty to the South was beyond question. He gave up a fortune, friends, and a brilliant future in the North, but he created no enthusiasm in the army, had disagreeable manners, and a peculiar fitness in making his subordinate officers dislike him. He needed friendships where he made enemies. His appointment was an unfortunate blunder. General Bowen, who commanded the most gallant division in Vicksburg, died a few days after we were paroled. On the 10th of July we were paroled by companies, and on the 11th marched out in order down the Jackson road.

Our artillery was all placed in a field on the road to show us what we had given up and to demoralize the men. After crossing Big Black we were permitted to go to our homes for a month or to parole camp. I went home. The day of our surrender witnessed the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, and from that day our destiny was sealed. The results which followed belong to history.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE MILITARY LIFE OF THE LATE COL. T. W. THOMPSON.

In the *Courier-Journal* of the 7th of August appeared the following death notice:

"At his residence on the Work-house road, Col. Thos. W. Thompson, Sunday, at five o'clock P.M., August 6, 1882."

Knowing Colonel Thompson intimately and admiring him greatly, I felt that an important duty to his surviving comrades and friends would be neglected did I allow the above brief notice of his death to be all that was written of him. No fulsome eulogy is needed to remind his friends of his many sterling traits of character, all of which were solid and firm as the granite hills, and none will be attempted. I propose to deal solely with facts and to draw his character as it appeared to me during an intimate friendship of more than twenty years.

Colonel Thompson was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 28th day of February, 1839, and was therefore on the day of his death in the forty-third year of his age. At the tender age of seven years he was doubly orphaned and was brought to Louisville, Ky., and placed in the family of his maternal uncle, Mr. Thomas Williams, with whom he was living when the tocsin of war between the sections was sounded. From his early youth to the date of his commission in the Confederate States Army he had been associated, as private or officer, with the military companies of this city. His one weakness—if it be a weakness—being an ardent and unquenchable love “for the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” his one ambition to place a battalion in the field and to command it.

Born a soldier and educated in a Southern political atmosphere, it was natural and to be expected that he would buckle on his sword at the first call to arms, and casting its weight on the side of the section which had adopted him, make its cause his own.

Recruiting a number of men for the Southern army—most of them being already members of a company in the State Guard commanded by him—he repaired with them in the early part of the summer of 1861 to Camp Boone, Tenn., at which camp the Second and Third Kentucky Regiments, C. S. A., were being organized and perfected in the drill and discipline of soldier life. As his squad of men were below the minimum required by army regulations to form a company, he was compelled to bide his time and patiently await coming events. They came in the shape of a body of men recruited by Captain Wm. Blanchard in the counties of Mason, Fleming, and Lewis for the Fourth Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A., which was rendezvousing at Camp Burnett, Tenn., within three miles of Camp Boone, above mentioned, and which, like Thompson's squad, was too short in numbers to meet regulation requirements. As neither moiety amounted to any thing separately, the captains of the two squads agreed to consolidate them into one full company, and it was done, Thompson receiving the captaincy and the subordinate offices, commissioned and non-commissioned, being equally divided between the respective squads, and in this way was formed Company “I,” of the Fourth Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A., commanded by Captain T. W. Thompson, the youngest captain in the brigade and the junior company commander but one in his regiment; and thus:

“When other youths required commandment, then
Had Thompson, daring boyhood, governed men.”

Much was expected of the quiet, firm, reticent, and self-reliant

young captain, nor were such expectations disappointed by his subsequent career. Long before his baptism of fire at Shiloh his regimental, brigade, and division commanders had learned to know his worth and to trust him fully.

The casualties of war in the Fourth Regiment were heavy, and its leaders paid with their lives or with permanently disabling wounds the penalty of their devotion to the bars and stars. One by one, death on the battle-field and incurable wounds had stricken the names of senior officers from the regimental roster, until T. W. Thompson, a captain at twenty-two, found himself colonel of the gallant old Fourth Kentucky before his twenty-fifth year had been reached. His steps of promotion had been rapid, yet were they bravely won and nobly deserved. There was, there could be, but one opinion as to his merits, so admirable had been his conduct in every way, in camp, on the march, or on the battle-field, so constantly did he keep in sight and hold duty paramount to every thing, and so thorough was his mental, moral, and physical training, that to doubt his fitness to command wherever assigned would have shown the doubter ignorant indeed of the traits of character requisite to form the commander. His mental qualities were more solid than showy; even his dash on the battle-field was held subservient to a judgment which was always in balance, and a self-control that was admirable to behold.

He refused the rank of colonel over other troops which was tendered him by General Breckinridge after the battle of Shiloh, because he felt that his first duty was to the men he had induced to leave their homes to share with him the dangers and privations of a soldier. To command his company of Kentuckians, whose prowess on the battle-field and whose soldierly bearing in general had realized his fondest hopes of them, was to him a prouder position than to command a regiment of stranger troops. He urged his youth as a plea for declining the honor tendered him by General Breckinridge, but his company knew the truth of the matter and appreciated it.

His physical courage, which was of the first water, was twin brother to a moral courage which would have asserted his convictions in the face of crushing odds and certain destruction. He was incapable of supporting a man or adopting a principle whose honesty or truth would not bear the glare of open investigation. He despised the toady and sycophant, and would have refused to bend the knee to any "that thrift might follow fawning." His ruling trait of character was justice, strict and unswerving. In his scales all were weighed alike, the commissioned officer and the humble private, and if any excuse

could be urged in extenuation of a breach of discipline by either, the private got the benefit, as in his opinion the higher the grade the less venial the offense. Offering his life upon the altar of duty, an order from a superior in command was to him supreme and not to be questioned or analyzed. His response to all orders was cheerful, prompt, and effective. The army regulations were his soldier's Bible, and he gave to their requirements full and unquestioning obedience. He never had a whim, was never governed by caprice, fancy, or passion. His every act was controlled by cool, calm, and almost unerring judgment. There was nothing soft or effeminate in his nature, but every thing that was manly, noble, strong, true.

As an executive officer, military or civil, he had few equals, and had he served under the first Napoleon his rank and fame would have rivaled that of Ney or Murat, Kellermann or Desaix. He was only a colonel, but had the war lasted longer he carried within him possibilities which would have placed him on the plain of his deserts.

The war being over, he returned to his home and entered with characteristic energy upon the duties of civil life. Here again success attended upon him and crowned his executive ability as clerk of the Louisville Chancery Court with a fortune. But it is with his soldier life that this sketch has to treat, and as a soldier, though wearing in death the garb of the civilian, will his old comrades mourn him.

A SOLDIER'S BEST ACT.

A soldier of Morgan's command, distinguished alike for his courage and modesty, being asked what was the best act of his soldier-life, replied, "At Augusta, Ky., the Federals were sweeping the streets with shot, seemingly as thick as rain-drops, when a mother on the opposite side of the street from me stood wringing her hands in agonized anxiety, regarding her little child that toddled in the middle of the roadway unconscious of danger and apparently enjoying the music of the whistling 'minnies.' Forgetful of possible consequences to myself, I sprang into the street, seized the little innocent prattler, and unharmed, untouched by bullet, placed it in its mother's arms. God saw the act and smiled, and I live to tell the incident."

WAR-TIME MEMORIES,

SUGGESTED BY HEARING THE FOREGOING INCIDENT, RELATED AT A MEETING
OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

I.

Comrade mine, through many a battle, through the tumult, din, and rattle
Of a fratricidal warfare, waking demon thoughts to birth,
Do sad memories ever burn you? do they come with power to turn you
To those scenes of wild excitement, desolation, woe, and dearth?

II.

Two decades since the strife was ended; still with years its traces blended!
True, it was a time that tried us, 'twas a time that proved men's souls.
'Mid its scenes we would not linger, yet comes thought with steady finger,
Points anon, and bids us hearken as some echoed requiem tolis.

III.

Sometimes I have drawn back shrinking from the awful thinking, thinking,
That so ruthlessly would bear me o'er the footprints of those years;
Seems the red blood sweeping o'er me, clash the phantom arms before me,
And I hear the far-off sobbing of our loved ones bowed in tears.

IV.

All around I see them weeping o'er the graves of kinsmen sleeping;
And I hear the moans of anguish, starting in the midnight hour,
With a feverish awaking, by my will the strong spell breaking
That had borne me back through sorrows by the dream-sprite's mystic power.

V.

Day by day the scenes around me wove a fatal chain that bound me—
Binds me still, though I would break it—to that dismal, haunting past.
Homes I knew and loved deserted, cherished legacies perverted,
Only fragments left to taunt us, whirled and broken by the blast.

VI.

So, in waking and in slumber, do these ills, unsaid by number,
Like a host that Memory marshals, charge and sweep across my brain.
Tortured, racked, I can not fly them, dare not face them and defy them,
So I bow me to their fury, while they heap upon me pain.

VII.

Yet anon, come echoes bringing, startling loud, and clear, and ringing,
Brief commands that bade us forward, hurled us 'gainst th' invading foe!
Then I hear the sabres clashing, then I feel the hot blood dashing,
All the power that lies within me, all my manhood strength I know.

VIII.

Ring of horses' hoofs quick bounding, cheer o'er hill and copse resounding,
Bullets whistling, whizzing, flying—come these sounds upon mine ear;
Struggling friends that craved assistance, dangers great that roused resistance,
Bade the soldier guarding honor, duty know, and naught of fear.

IX.

Ah! my friend, those days were gory, and yet I oftentimes think their glory
Reached a pinnacle of greatness higher than mere laurel crown;
And the wreck of their undoing no man fathoms, merely viewing
Warriors bowed before their victors with unsullied arms laid down.

X.

Many a soul that erst was passive, felt within those forces massive,
By the tumult roused to action that developed giant will,
Then, henceforth the stand was taken, evermore unmoved, unshaken,
Have they trod the way there chosen, be it good or be it ill.

XI.

Men that naught had known but pleasure, heedless of life's noblest treasure,
Idly floating with the current, caring not for rocks ahead,
All this lethargy offthrowing, and the hero's fiber showing,
Since have fought life's battle boldly, form erect and firm of tread.

XII.

Others fell, and in their falling, left a ruin so appalling,
That one turns from them in horror. Better far that they had died;
For no wreck has less of hoping, and are none more blindly groping,
Than is he whom war-fed passions have bereft of manly pride.

XIII.

Ofttimes thus, those years perusing, fancy leads me, pondering, musing,
Till the camp-fire bright is burning, and are comrades seated round,
Thinking not of ills before us. Hark! the merry jest and chorus—
Only mirth that ripples gladly, in that little group is found.

XIV.

'Tis better so. "No hand is surer, and no courage truer, purer,
Than is that controlled and guided by a hopeful, sunny heart."
Be the pathway ne'er so thorny, be the black clouds ne'er so stormy,
Sunbeams come with help and cheering, pierce and break the clouds apart.

XV.

Thus come memories rushing o'er me, rise those buried days before me,
And despite their grief and burden, comrade mine, I love them well;
And around the hearth-stone sitting, while the clock tells moments flitting,
To companions oft 'tis pleasant some remembered scene to tell.

XVI.

One such memory bright I cherish, from my heart 'twill never perish,
For it floats like tuneful chimings of a benediction sweet.
'Twas a trifling act and lowly, yet it bears its influence holy,
And I would not yield one atom for the plaudits heroes greet.

XVII.

That was day of toil and fighting; Death on shadowy wing swept blighting,
Held high carnival, and reveled in the precious blood that flowed.
Backward, forward, pressing, surging, Blue and Gray, from smoke emerging,
Then enveloped, fought and grappled, and each coolest daring showed.

XVIII.

So the day; when one defeating, backward fell, the lines retreating,
Still the bloody way contesting through the neighboring village square.
Every nerve the victor straining, hastened forward, meantime raining
Bullets on their stubborn foemen, till seemed thick with them the air.

XIX.

Villagers in haste bethought them of safe places, quickly sought them,
Till the street a look deserted, save for those contending, wore,
Then above the din of battle, loud above the roar and rattle,
Kang a cry whose tale of anguish hearts can give but once—no more.

XX.

Chilled with terror many a true man! In a doorway stood a woman,
And her arms were reached out wildly, as she sounded her distress.
Stooping in the little clearing 'tween the foemen, nothing fearing,
Was a lovely child collecting shining pebbles in its dress!

XXI.

Bullets all around were falling; rose the din of strife appalling;
Like an angel among demons seemed that smiling infant there.
To every fear or doubt a stranger, all unconscious of its danger,
Surely Heaven held securely fate suspended by a hair.

XXII.

Heeding not the warnings sounded, quick across the way I bounded,
Seized the child now strangely frightened by my rough, unpracticed grasp;
With my heart a shield before it, through the iron rain I bore it,
Gave it, weeping and bewildered, safe into its mother's clasp.

XXIII.

Ah! no hero e'er had token, never words of praise were spoken,
Like those trembling tones that told me all a mother's gratitude.
Surely it was Heaven smiling, and that radiance beguiling,
Spite of all the evil round me, filled my throbbing heart with good.

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XXIV.

Not for rarest decoration awarded valor by each nation
 Would I yield the holy memory which that one brief moment gives.
 Gilding all of memory's sorrows, brightening all of hope's to-morrows,
 Fair and pure and proudly cherished, sacred in my heart it lives.

XXV.

Now the little act inditing, I have lived it o'er while writing,
 Gathered from it strength and courage, cheered my erstwhile saddened heart.
 Day by day, in life's march older, for that moment's sake I'm bolder,
 And that mother's smile has nerved me many a time to sternest part.

XXVI.

Thus, my comrade, backward scanning war-time memories, may the planning
 Of divine, far-reaching wisdom, be revealed throughout the strife;
 As the hours again seem ages, while we read the well-known pages,
 May their lessons call out nobly all the energies of life.

XXVII.

Sorrows come as helpers often; griefs, in distance, pale and soften;
 And the shadows that were darkest mellow lights by outline dim.
 Backward to these memories turning, proven precepts we are learning,
 That our lives may henceforth echo in a grand, triumphant hymn.

SALLIE NEILL ROACH.

MAY, 1882.

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO—WASHINGTON CITY ON THE NIGHT OF MR. LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

BY CAPT. C. T. ALLEN, OF THE PRINCETON BANNER.

This day sixteen years ago at ten o'clock P.M., Mr. Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's theater in Washington city. The editor of the *Banner* was there—not in the theater, but in Washington city—and he will never, never forget it. He was not there by invitation of Mr. Lincoln or of any member of his Cabinet, nor was he there in the capacity of a congressional lobbyist or office seeker. He arrived in the city that evening (Friday, April 14) about 3 o'clock on a fine steamer from City Point—Grant's base of supplies on James River. He didn't put up at the Ebbitt or take rooms at the Riggs House, but contented himself, as best he could, with an humble place on the floor of the old capitol. He and his accompan-

ing friends, some three or four hundred in number, received a good deal of attention on their arrival in the famous and splendid city. At the wharf he was met by a full regiment of handsomely uniformed soldiers with flags flying and band playing national airs. He and his friends were not so well clad. Some had shoes and some had not; some had hats and some had not; some had coats or jackets and some had not; but all of them had a big appetite and a long face.

Washington was then enjoying a smile that covered its whole face. Every body seemed to be gay and happy. Every body, it seemed, had on his or her holiday attire—men, women, boys, girls, were all out on the streets, glad and rejoicing. Lee had surrendered. The grand old Army of Northern Virginia, which, for four long, weary, terrible years of battle and blood, had stood as a stone wall between the Army of the Potomac and the Confederate capital, had gone down in defeat. The clouds of war, black and dismal, that had hung like a pall of death over the national capital for four years, were flying in all directions, and the sun of peace, full-orbed and cheery, was shining in glorious splendor. The great national heart was beating regularly and happily and sending healthy blood to the utmost limits of the national body, and brought in its backward flow tidings of gladness and joy from all parts of the great Republic. Many and joyous were the congratulations given and received. The beardless boy who had for years bivouaced on many a tentless field, threw his arms, in the ecstasy of his joy, around the neck of mother and brother and sister and wept what words could not tell; and father and mother and sister, in a silence that spoke volumes of gratitude to Him who holds all in the hollow of His hand, hugged the boy to their throbbing bosom. Every body was glad and happy, except the poor, dejected, ragged, footsore, and almost broken-hearted Confederate prisoner. Yet he, as he tramped along the streets to the Old Capitol Prison, catching now and then a sight of the glad and joyous faces, and witnessing occasionally the happy embrace of mother and her returning boy, felt grateful that his life had been spared during the most terrible and bloodiest of civil wars. He sighed deeply as he looked upon these scenes and thought of the loved ones far away, and of the time when he too could step in the front door of his old home in the distant sunny South and receive the sad welcome that awaited him. But when he recalled the fact, as many a poor Confederate prisoner did, that his old home had been destroyed by the relentless waves of war, that the loved ones were gone he knew not whither, that one or more of his brothers and scores of his friends

had fallen in the last heroic struggles around Petersburg and along the line of Lee's retreat, he bowed his head in silence and wept as he never wept before. Who can tell how a Confederate prisoner felt on the streets of Washington city on April 14, 1865? Witnessing scenes of joy, hearing the shouts of final triumph, looking into faces that spoke a gladness that words could not express, he looked, no doubt, as he felt, the picture of despair.

Alas! what a dreadful, what a terrible blow was awaiting that vast congregation of happy people who crowded the streets of Washington on that ever-memorable day—April 14, 1865! The hand was raised which, that night at ten o'clock, was to strike a blow that would stagger the whole nation; that would cause a shriek of woe to be heard throughout Christendom; that would send sorrow and grief and mourning throughout the length and breadth of the land; that would awaken mingled feelings of sympathy and rage wherever civilization had left a footprint!

And the blow was given!

That night at ten o'clock, in the midst of a crowded theater, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and in his own home in the same city Mr. Seward's throat was cut!

The news spread rapidly, not only over the city but over the whole country. In the city the shock must have been terrific. It is said that men staggered as if intoxicated, and women screamed when they heard it. It was late, after midnight, before the terrible deed became known among the masses of the people, but when it was known they came out upon the streets, gathered upon the corners, discussed the situation, and the more they discussed it the more excited they became. The city was moved to its very depths and it was evident that the mob spirit was uppermost.

Just at this juncture of affairs some one recalled the fact that a large lot of Confederate prisoners had been brought in that evening and were confined in the old capitol. "Hang 'em," "shoot 'em," "burn 'em," became the cry, and to carry this threat into execution preparations were made. Ropes were procured, knots were made, every thing ready for a general massacre of the helpless Confederate prisoners who knew nothing on earth of the occurrences of the night. Within the walls of the old capitol they were sleeping and dreaming of "home, sweet home," or perhaps of the last charge at Five Forks or Sailor's Creek.

At that time General Green Clay Smith, now of Frankfort, Ky., was a representative in Congress from Kentucky. He saw what was

going on, witnessed the preparations being made to usher into eternity the helpless and innocent Confederates in the old capitol, and realizing what a terrible deed it would be for a mob to hang, shoot, or kill three or four hundred helpless men on the streets of Washington who were innocent of any complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, procured the services of two or three friends to hold the mob in hand by speaking until he could see Secretary Stanton, and provide some means, if possible, to protect the prisoners from the rage of the mob. His friends—God bless them, whoever they were and wherever they are—responded promptly, mounted a box on the streets, and addressed the mob. When one had said all he could say, another followed him, and so on, occupying half an hour, perhaps an hour; thus giving General Smith time to see Mr. Stanton.

General Smith went, or rather ran, to the War Office, rushed in, found Mr. Stanton's private office door locked. He knocked again and again without a response. Finally, General Smith made himself known and was admitted. He says that Mr. Stanton was overcome with excitement, was armed, and without doubt greatly frightened. General Smith told him briefly of what was going on in the streets, begged for troops to protect the unarmed prisoners from the mob. Mr. Stanton told him "to go and do as he thought best." General Smith left in a run, soon found a battalion of troops on the streets, took charge of them, rushed them to the old capitol, arriving just in time to place them between its walls and the enraged mob—just in time to save from a terrible death some three or four hundred helpless Confederate prisoners.

During the night the prisoners suspected that something unusual was going on, though they had not the slightest idea what it was. Guards were doubled, troops were marching, horses galloping all night, all of which they could hear. Next morning at daylight we were told by the guard that Mr. Lincoln had been shot in Ford's theater and was dead; that Mr. Seward's throat had been cut and he was dying; that a mob was on hand to destroy us. We looked out through the windows and saw files of soldiers with fixed bayonets, artillery unlimbered in the streets and loaded, cavalry with drawn sabers, and a mob whose very look was appalling.

Our feelings can be imagined but they can not be described. The writer of this went out in the gray light of the morning in the back yard to get some water at the pump, but he could not drink; he tried to wash his face and hands, but he could not. He sat down upon an old trough, placed his head in his hands, and sat there absorbed in

thought until a friend touched him on the shoulder and asked him what was the matter.

The mob lingered about the prison several hours before it broke. Its dispersion lifted a load from the bosoms of the prisoners that had weighed them down to the very ground. On the Sunday following the prisoners left for Johnston's Island, Lake Erie, where they were kept until grim-visaged war had smoothed its wrinkled front in all parts of the Confederate States.

To General Green Clay Smith, then a representative in Congress from Kentucky, Temperance candidate for President in 1876, at present pastor of the Baptist Church in Mt. Sterling, Ky., and a gentleman of the noblest impulses and finest nature, the Confederate prisoners in the old capitol at Washington on April 14, 1865, are indebted for their lives. But for his exertions they would have suffered the most horrible of deaths—death by hanging, shooting, burning by an infuriated mob. There were not a thousand men in Washington that night who would have done as General Smith did! May God bless him and his all through time and eternity!

A MANIAC'S CALL—TATTOO AND REVEILLE.

A maniac Southern soldier, whose light of mind fled at the battle of Chicamauga, not for fear, but horror at the fast-falling forms of his comrades.

Hark! hark! tattoo! Another soul
Is called to heaven or hell.
Myriads speed on to their last goal.
Comrades! a gay farewell.
Nay, say not 'tis a madman's joy
That sparkles in my eyes,
Death is a *treasure*, life a toy.
Three cheers for him that dies.

Then wrap him in his blanket's fold,
His colors o'er him wave,
Thousands to-day like him lie cold,
Waiting a bloody grave.
Nay, comrades! why those burning tears?
Dash, dash them from your eyes.
Death is a *treasure*, then three cheers!
Huzza! for him that dies.

Hark! hark! tattoo! Eternity
 Is calling still another
 To his long rest; then cheer with glee
 The last breath of our brother.
 Nay, say not 'tis a madman's joy
 That sparkles in my eyes,
 Death is a *treasure*, life a toy.
 Three cheers for him that dies!

Hark! hark! tattoo! Another call.
 Comrades, 'tis *now* for me.
Deep in my bosom speeds the ball.
Now shout loud bursts of glee.
 Nay, say not 'tis a madman's joy
 That sparkles in my eyes,
 Death is a *treasure*, life a toy;
 Then *cheer* thou him that dies.

Tattoo! how faint its sounds are borne,
 And hark! a reveille!
 Our *night* is on the earth, our *morn*
 Is in eternity.
 Then think *not* 'tis a madman's joy,
 That sparkles in my eyes,
 Death is a *treasure*, life a toy.
 Here's to the *next* that dies!

MRS. AMANDA KEITH.

BRANDENBURG, KY., June 5, 1882.

THE YOUNG COLOR-BEARER.

A PAPER READ BY MAJOR E. H. M'DONALD.

In the spring of 1863, while the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped on the Rapidan River, preparing for that memorable campaign which included the battle of Gettysburg, there came to it from Hampshire County, Virginia, a beardless boy, scarcely eighteen years of age, the eldest son of a widowed mother. His home was within the enemy's lines, and he had walked more than one hundred miles to offer his services to assist in repelling a foe which was then preying upon the fairest portions of his native State. He made application to join Company "D," Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, which was made up principally from his county, and therefore contained many of his

acquaintances, and seemed much surprised when told that the Confederate Government did not furnish its cavalry with horses and equipments. Some members of the company present, who noted his earnestness, and the disappointment caused by this announcement from the officer, said, "Enroll him, Captain, and we will see that he has a horse and equipments the next fight we get into!" On faith of this promise he was enrolled.

JAMES M. WATKINS, COMPANY "D,"

Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, Jones's brigade. Shortly afterward the campaign opened with the fight at Brandy Station, in which twenty thousand cavalry were engaged from daylight to sundown, and before the battle was over Watkins was mounted and fully equipped, and took his place with his company. It was not long after this engagement that Gen. Lee advanced the whole army and crossed into Maryland, Watkins's command covering the rear. During the battle of Gettysburg, on the 3d and 4th of July, we were engaged several times with the enemy's cavalry on our right, upon which occasions he was always found in the front, and while on the march was ever bright and cheerful.

On the evening of the fourth, Gen. Lee, in preparation for his retreat, began to send his wagons to the rear in the direction of Williamsport, when it was found that the enemy's cavalry had gone around our left and taken possession of a pass in South Mountain, through which lay our line of march. To dislodge them required a stubborn fight, lasting late into the night, in which Gen. Jones's brigade was engaged, and he himself becoming separated from his men in the darkness, was supposed

TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED OR KILLED.

Finally the Federals were repulsed, and the wagon train proceeded on its way to Williamsport. In the morning Watkins's command was ordered to march on the left flank of the train to prevent a renewal of the attack upon it, and on approaching Hagerstown those in the rear of the column heard loud and repeated cheering from the men in front. After having been in an enemy's country fighting night and day, in rain and mud, those cheers came to those who heard them in the distance as the first rays of sunshine after a storm. Many were the conjectures as to their cause; some said it was fresh troops from the other side of the Potomac; others that it was the ammunition wagons, for the supply was known to be short; while others

surmised that it was Gen. Jones, reappearing after his supposed death or capture. Whatever the cause was, its effect was wonderful upon the morale of those men, and cheers went up all along the line from those who did not know the cause, in answer to those who did. When the command had reached a stone mill, about three miles southeast of Hagerstown, they found the cause only a

LITTLE GIRL ABOUT FOURTEEN

years of age, perhaps the miller's daughter, standing in the door wearing an apron in which the colors were so blended as to represent the Confederate flag. A trivial thing it may seem to those who were not there, but to those jaded, war-worn men it was the first expression of sympathy for them and their cause that had been openly given them since they had crossed the Potomac, and their cheers went up in recognition of the courage of the little girl and her parents, who thus dared to give their sympathy to a retreating army, almost in sight of a revengeful foe. When Company "D" was passing the house the captain rode up and thanked the little girl for having done so much to revive the drooping spirits of the troops, and asked her if she would not give him a piece of the apron as a souvenir of the incident. "Yes, certainly," she replied, "you may have it all." And in her enthusiasm she tore it off, not waiting to unpin it, and handed it to the officer, who said it should be the flag of his company as long as it was upon Maryland soil. "Let me be the color-bearer, Captain," said young Watkins, who was by his side; "I promise to protect it with my life." And fastening it to a staff he resumed his place at the head of the company, which was in the front squadron of the regiment. Later in the evening, in obedience to an order brought by a courier, the Eleventh Cavalry moved at a gallop in the direction of Williamsport, whence the roll of musketry and report of cannon had been heard for some time, and, rejoining the brigade, was engaged in a desperate struggle to prevent the Federal cavalry from destroying the wagons of the whole army, which, the river being unfordable, were halted and parked at this point, their principal defense against the whole cavalry force of the enemy being the teamsters and stragglers that Gen. Imboden had organized. The Eleventh Cavalry charged the battery in front of them, this

GALLANT BOY WITH HIS APRON FLAG

riding side by side with those who led the charge. The battery was taken and retaken, and then taken again, before the Federals with-

drew from the field, followed in the direction of Boonsboro', until darkness covered their retreat. In those desperate surges many went down on both sides, and it was not until after it was over that men thought of their comrades and inquiries were made for the missing. The captain of Company "D," looking over the battle-field for the killed and wounded of his command, found young Watkins lying on the ground, his head supported by the surgeon. In reply to his question, "was he badly hurt?" he answered, "Not much, Captain, but I've got the flag!" and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out the little apron and gave it to the officer. When asked how it came there he said that when he was wounded and fell from his horse the Federals were all around him, and to prevent their capturing it he had torn it from the staff

AND HID IT IN HIS BOSOM.

The surgeon told the captain, aside, that his leg was shattered by a large piece of shell, which was imbedded in the bone; that amputation would be necessary, and he feared the wound was mortal. "But," he added, "he has been so intent upon the safe delivery of that apron into your hands as to seem utterly unconscious of his wound." After parting with his flag the brave boy sank rapidly. He was tenderly carried by his comrades back to Hagerstown, where a hospital had been established, and his leg amputated. The next morning his captain found him pale and haggard from suffering. By his side was a bouquet of flowers, placed by some kind hand, which seemed to cheer him much. The third day afterward he died, and was buried in a strange land by strangers' hands, without a stone to mark the spot where he sleeps. Thus ended the mortal career of this gallant youth, who had seen scarce sixty days' service; but though he lies in an unknown grave, he has left behind a name which should outlast the most costly obelisk that wealth or fame can erect. Gentle as a woman, yet perfectly fearless in the discharge of his duty, so sacred did he deem the trust confided to him that he forgot even his own terrible sufferings while defending it. Such names as this it is our duty to rescue from oblivion, and to write on the page of history, where the children of our common country may learn from them lessons of virtue and self-sacrifice. In his character and death he was not isolated from many of his comrades; he was but a type of many men, young and old, whose devotion to what is now known as a "lost cause" made them heroes in the fullest acceptation of the term,

flinching from neither suffering nor death itself if coming to them in the line of duty.

INTERESTING RELICS.

At the conclusion of the paper the major stated that he was not in possession of many mementoes of the "Lost Cause," but he was happy to be able to present the society with the apron to which he had reference, and which the gallant Watkins had borne through the fight. The unfurling of the apron battle-flag was greeted with a round of applause, and, upon a call from the audience, it was passed around and examined by every one present.

A BIVOUAC REVERIE.

Our flag is furled and stacked our arms,
No boom of gun, no whirr of bomb,
No ringing shout, no wild alarms,
No cheer to swell the old-time yell
With "Close up boys, dress up to right,
We'll give 'em yet a little"—well,
That day is passed, and of the fight
We've nothing left but the memory.
Nothing left but the memory.

Gather the dry wood, the logs high heap,
Touch fire to leaves, and in the blaze,
In curl of smoke, in flame's bright leap,
We'll live again our soldier days.
The boys will be here in firelight's play,
Circling the fires on the living green;
We'll see them again in their rags of gray,
With corn-cob pipe and old canteen.
We'll hear again their stories.

We'll sip the nectar of roasted bean,
Quaff of the wine of sassafras tea,
Broil our bacon 'thout streak of lean,
And drink of the juice of the old pine tree.
We'll call from the past each jest and joke,
Hear call of bugle or reveille's rattle;
We'll frame in lines of the spiral smoke
Pictures of camp, skirmish, or battle,
As we meet again at the bivouac.

LEE'S RETREAT.

INCIDENTS OF THE RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY TO APPOMATTOX—
MAHONE'S DIVISION AND ITS PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE MARCH—
THE MEMORABLE SURRENDER—A DESCRIPTION BY AN OFFICER OF THE
DIVISION—CAPT. M'DONALD'S NARRATIVE.

Following is the interesting paper of Capt. W. N. McDonald, read at the May meeting of the Southern Historical Society.

It is my purpose this evening to give, from memory, some account of Lee's retreat to Appomattox. No description of the military movements of the different commands will be attempted, but the rambling narrative will deal chiefly in incidents which illustrate the vexations and trials, the hopes and fears, of the masses on that memorable retreat. The command to which I then belonged, Mahone's division, was, at the time of the defeat at Petersburg, stationed along the line of defense from that city to Drury's Bluff, on the James. It may be said, at the outset, that for weeks at least before Grant broke our line the impression prevailed that nothing short of a miracle could keep Grant back. His army daily increased while Lee's daily grew smaller. Constant losses by desertion, besides exhausting our strength seriously, affected the morale of the troops. Famine and disease did us more harm than the bullets of the enemy, for the savage warfare made by Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley had brought Lee's army to the brink of starvation. Every morning there were official reports of desertion. I remember once an officer reporting that nearly one whole company had deserted during the night while on picket. "Arrest the captain," said Mahone. "He has gone, too," was the reply. "Arrest the officer of the day, then." "He has deserted also," responded the lieutenant.

On the 2d of April Grant pierced Lee's center at Petersburg. The distant roar of cannon had already informed us that a terrible battle was going on at Petersburg, but it was not until after nightfall that the disaster was known. There was now mounting in hot haste and all the confusion of a sudden departure. I am bound to say that I did not realize the stunning nature of the calamity till I went to order my horse. No amount of banging at the door of my servant's cabin received any attention from within. A hasty search revealed the fact that he had vanished. As he was a steady negro, of a pious turn, and withal timid to a degree, I knew that nothing but an overwhelming disaster to our arms could have led him to try the perils of

desertion. So that it was not till I began to saddle my horse that I truly felt that the Confederacy was on its last legs.

For a while black darkness enveloped every thing as we groped our way through the woods. All at once the heavens were lit up with a blaze of light. Then followed a crash that shook the earth. It was the blowing up of the fort at Drury's Bluff, the Gibraltar of the James. This was followed at intervals by other explosions, so numerous and terrific that it seemed as if they were blowing up the whole Confederacy. About midnight there appeared toward Richmond a bright light in the sky. Gradually it increased in brightness and extent until, though eight or ten miles away, we could distinctly see the landscape around us. This, as we afterward learned, was caused by the burning of the supply depots at Richmond, though at the time we thought the whole city was being burned.

When day dawned we were still in full retreat and the Federals were not far behind. About noon we were joined by the troops from Richmond, who were accompanied by as picturesque a mob of fugitives as it was ever my fortune to look upon. There were department clerks with their nice clothes bespattered with mud and faces pale with fatigue; post commissaries puffing under the weight of their own fat, and larding the lean earth as they walked along; marines from the gunboats, groaning and cursing at every step, and a promiscuous crowd of nondescripts. Many of them had taken advantage of the abandonment of the government stores to carry off some precious object of plunder. One man, with ragged pants, wore a general's coat and a cocked hat and plume; another rough looking fellow had a splendid looking sword strapped around his waist. One man I remember distinctly. He was an Irishman and barefooted, with a greasy hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth; but he stepped with a proud air, for he was arrayed in a gorgeous new naval suit that must have been intended for a commodore.

On the morning of the 4th, I think, many wagons were burned, and on the mornings of the 5th and 6th Lee seemed to be burning his whole baggage-train. That is, what was left of it, for Sheridan's cavalry continually harassed our flanks, coming in at all the cross-roads and burning or carrying off the wagons. At the same time a strong force pressed upon our rear, and every hour almost we heard of heavy losses by capture. Many gave up all hope and fell an easy prey, but many, even when the bulk of their commands was taken, marched on, following the fortunes of Lee. As our number of fighting men diminished, the enemy became more and more daring. I

remember that on the 7th we could see Sheridan's cavalry on the hills to our right, while on the left we were fiercely attacked. To show the vigor of Sheridan's pursuit, the following incident is added:

I had been invited to breakfast on the roadside on the morning of the 7th. As it was the only "square" meal taken on that retreat, it is well remembered. The cook was slow in preparing the meal, and, while waiting, my command passed out of sight. This was enough to make one impatient, especially as no man felt safe then unless he was guarded by at least a division. But there was another source of uneasiness. Near the spot the road forked; an examination of the one leading to the right revealed the fact that no trains or troops had passed that way. A moment's reflection convinced me that Sheridan's men would come down that road in less than twenty minutes. My forebodings were communicated to the party. I made a short but solid meal and went off without any formal leave-taking. In less than twenty minutes Sheridan did come down that road, and laid hands on most of the breakfast party. This information was gotten from a negro who managed to escape, and whose master could have gotten away too, but he took advantage of the occasion to desert to the enemy. The noble son of Africa, upon being asked why he had not deserted, proudly replied, "When I begin a thing, I most in general go through with it."

If, in those last days of the struggle, there were some who yielded to despair and disgraced themselves, there were men whose loftiness of spirit disdained misfortune. One only will be mentioned—Lieutenant James Thompson, of Chew's Horse Artillery. He was a youth fair to look upon, gay and dashing, the knightliest of the knightly, and the bravest of the brave. I saw him on the morning of the 7th for the last time. He had been wounded the day before. His left arm lay in a sling, and he was pale from pain and loss of blood. Upon being asked where he was going, he said he was about to join the cavalry. "You can not fight," said I; "you can hardly sit on your horse." For some moments he seemed to be trying to conceal the resolution he had then already formed. At last he said, "I have made up my mind not to survive the Confederacy," and rode away as if ashamed of seeming to boast.

Not long afterward, as I learned from an eye-witness, he joined Rosser's brigade at the High Bridge, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. With the bridle-reins between his teeth, and a pistol in his right hand, he penetrated deep into the masses of the enemy and fell covered with wounds.

As we neared Appomattox the army was forced to move in a more limited space. As far as one could judge, we seemed to be marching forward in an irregular rectangle, with the main body a central line. The stragglers and unarmed men apparently outnumbered the central column. At times the road seemed to be entirely occupied by them, and yet there was not once any thing like a panic. The stragglers did not seem frightened at all; they pushed steadily onward, looking toward the mountains. Their only thought seemed to be to find something to eat and something to ride.

While stopping at a well in a farm-yard by the wayside, I witnessed a scene that feebly illustrates the fatigue of the foot-sore and weary men. The farmer had brought into the road a batch of mules for the purpose of running them off from the Federals. One mule refused to budge past the yard gate. The owner, after many vain efforts to drag him by main force, called for volunteer equestrians. Several at once offered their services. The foremost leaped upon the mule's back, and so quickly was he thrown that his rising motion was in a measure continuous. Another victim, and then another, was called for, and each served in the same way. For a while the crowd surged respectfully past the animal, and then fresh victims arrived. The last man I saw thrown was a stout, grim-looking fellow. He was armed with a canteen and a long stick upon which he seemed to lean for support. "If you can ride," said the farmer, "here's a chance to rest yourself." "Ride," said the soldier, transported with the thought, "why I could ride a loose tiger." The soldier mounted, and the mule, who seemed to improve by practice, responded in the old way.

The last I saw of that farmer he was sitting on the fence, the picture of despair, while the mule was gazing defiantly at the passing columns, as if to say, "If there be any more of you military gentlemen who want to ride me, I am most respectfully yours to command."

The morning of the surrender is well remembered. Reports of heavy losses of artillery and trains the night before were rife. The want of food was very great for man and beast, and now and then men spoke in whispers of a surrender. By nine o'clock there was firing all around the line. Our last position was upon a raised plateau, with a wood-covered ridge on our left and a valley flanking our right. In front was another valley reaching to the railroad junction. Lee had still an army of about twelve thousand, rank and file, exclusive of the cavalry, and of these at least one half would have dared any thing at his command. That he could have gotten away with a

considerable portion of his troops there is not a doubt. The soldiers were not demoralized. Many were eager for battle, and even the stragglers calmly expected Lee to carry them off safely. Being ordered to deliver a message to one of Lee's staff, in the search for him I rode across the plateau in several directions, and nearly at every point of our line there was fighting. The central portion of what the soldiers called the "bull-ring" was covered with the various impediments of an army. Among these were about three thousand prisoners.

The surging mass kept moving around and around as if looking for some outlet or place of shelter. At last there seemed to be a settled conviction that the fatal day had arrived, and still many thought that the genius of Lee would yet triumph. I saw Custar gallop by, holding in his hand a ramrod with a white handkerchief upon it. At this very moment there was passing a Federal battery with horses and men that had just been captured. Two old soldiers were standing near discussing the situation. At the sight of Custar one said, "What did I tell you; look at that Yankee chap with the white rag. It's all up with us." "O, that's nothing," the other replied, "look at that fine battery we have just captured. Massa Bob'll beat 'em yet."

When it was known that we had surrendered, there was at first some dissatisfaction, but sympathy for Lee soon did away with all individual sense of humiliation. When Harris's Mississippi brigade of Mahone's division were informed of the surrender, and ordered to cease firing, most of the officers and men refused to obey, declaring that they would never surrender. Mahone went and expostulated with them, but they would not listen to him. Finally Lee came and made a personal appeal. For some time even his authority was disregarded. Many of the officers and men gathered around him and implored him not to put upon them such disgrace. With tears they begged him to trust himself to their care, swearing that they could and would carry him through safely, and telling him that once in the mountains he could raise another army.

But Lee told them with broken accents and with many tears, that he could not break his word; that his honor was involved. Finally he asked them if they who had followed him so long and stood by him so faithfully were ashamed to share his fate. This appeal they could not resist, though with heart-breaking sobs they yielded.

There is hardly a doubt that this brigade would have carried Lee out safely had he let them try it. Mahone called them the "Invincibles." They were often selected for quick and desperate work. I

will state a single instance of their valor. At Farmville, when the Federals made a determined effort to break our lines, in the midst of the battle a courier rode up and told Mahone that a part of the Stonewall Division had given way, and that the enemy at this point had penetrated half a mile beyond our right flank. Mahone at once sped away like an arrow, down the line. In less than twenty minutes he returned with Harris's brigade, and charging the enemy in flank with the bayonet, killed or captured nearly every one.

As soon as the firing ceased, many of the Federals came into our lines and began to fraternize with the men. In order to carry home some relic of the surrender, they swapped knives, or any thing they had for the old plunder of the Confederates. Some of the latter, alive to the situation, having exhausted their stock in trade, went about seeking to replenish it, and hence there arose quite a brisk demand for old papers, combs, etc.

The Federals seemed overjoyed at the issue, and their hearts were running over with kindly feeling. One man, a colonel, made a speech to a large crowd of Confederates. He was a big-hearted soldier, and with many compliments to Lee and his men, seemed to be trying to take away the sting of defeat from the crest-fallen foes. Among other things, he said that the North loved the South, and that the next President of the United States would be General Lee. Finally he said, "We are all a band of brothers now," and seemed to pause for a reply. A grim, battle-scarred veteran responded in audible tones and with an oath, "If I had you out in the woods by yourself I'd brother you."

I have only to add, in conclusion, that this retreat which, in the eyes of some, reflects somewhat upon the fame of Lee, may yet go down into history as the triumphant masterpiece of his genius.

The wonder is, not that his army was captured at Appomattox, but that it was not captured long before it reached that point. To successfully conduct a beaten army, after the stunning defeats at Petersburg and Five Forks, almost as he was surrounded by overwhelming numbers, for eight days, without food and with little ammunition, is a feat almost without a parallel in military annals. And when he at last resolved to cease the struggle, it was not with a corporal's guard around him, but a gallant army of twelve thousand men. If he saw fit to forget his own glory, and to consult only the interests of our common country, let us endeavor to appreciate his magnanimity, and give him that praise which posterity will certainly accord him.

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It is impossible to estimate the heroism of his army on this retreat, unless we consider the sufferings they were subjected to, and above all, the sufferings from hunger. I know of no rations that were issued after the 5th, except that of parched corn. This was to Mahone's men, while halting in the road under arms. They were not allowed to stop to eat it, but appeased their hunger as they marched; not irregularly, but by fours, every man in his place ready for action.

During that whole terrible retreat, Mahone maintained the strictest discipline, though fighting a battle nearly every day. How the other divisions of Lee's army behaved in those closing days of the struggle, I am not able to speak, but the conduct of Mahone's men could not be surpassed.

It was not only that they fought so well against superior numbers, and with foes confident of victory, but that they kept this up day after day, often far into the night, suffering terribly from hunger and fatigue and seeing Lee's army apparently going to pieces.

To fight bravely on the pitched field in the presence of a cloud of witnesses, when the issue is of national pride, and when if one falls a grateful country will take care of his family and honor his name, is thought not only praiseworthy but glorious. What shall we say then of those who not only covered with their bodies the retreat of a beaten army, but with their own life-blood kept alive a dying cause; who, unappalled by repeated disasters, still turned, like lions at bay, upon their pursuers, and who, though ready to drop from watching and marching, never gave up, even to the bitter end? This, indeed, was the achievement of heroes only.

Query Box.

NOTE.—The editor of this department will endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts of ex-Confederate soldiers, and answer all questions when the information sought for is accessible.

I. O. B., Mobi'e, Ala.: "Who are the officers of the Southern Historical Association, of Louisville?"

Answer: W. O. Dodd, President; Basil Duke, Vice-president; E. H. McDonald, Secretary; J. S. Jackman, Treasurer.

W. O. H., Cincinnati: "Who is Wild Bill, mentioned in May selections from THE BIVOUAC?"

Answer: A sketch of his life and career will soon be published in this magazine.

WILL some friend please send us the poem in which occur these lines?

"'Tis hard for you'uns and we'ans to part;
Since you'uns have got we'ans' heart."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if Major Bird Rogers, of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, who was killed at Kenesaw Mountain, was ever found by his friends. Some body will please answer through this department of THE BIVOUAC.

B. T. F. desires to know if there is any of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry in Louisville.

We answer that there is one member of that regiment here, and we expect a contribution from him soon.

DEAR BIVOUAC: Please find out, if possible, by the next number how many regiments, battalions, companies, squadrons, and batteries went in the Confederate Army from Kentucky.

Yours,

J. W.

BARDSTOWN.

Answer: We can do so if our friends will forward us the information promptly. We are glad you have started this question so early; let us find out and publish a full list of all the commands in THE BIVOUAC as soon as possible.

Taps.

CAPT. T. S. HARWOOD, of Island Station, Ky., sends an interesting article entitled "The Confederate Scout."

MR. J. W. BROWN, of Paul's Valley, Indian Territory, contributes a very readable account of the boy soldiers around Mobile.

AN article from Fate, Texas, will be read with interest in our next number. A lack of space precludes the mention of many more contributions.

THE subscription-price (one dollar and fifty cents) to THE BIVOUAC, is less than for any periodical of like character *in the world*. Will you not send us the \$1.50?

BOB PARSONS says he once saw a member of Second Kentucky double-quick through the commissary tent and fill his war-bag with hard-tack, and never lose the step.

THE conspicuous blanks at the end of this number will be filled with choice advertisements in our next. Those who send us their cards now will find that they have saved money by being prompt.

WE expect to tell you all about "Wild Bill," "Devil Dick," "Polk Stone," "Jim Cunningham," and other celebrated wits of the First Kentucky Brigade, in the numbers following.

MRS. VIRGINIA HANSON is doing a noble work soliciting for the Confederate Orphans and Widows' Home, located at Georgetown. Send her a liberal donation of money to Mount Sterling, Ky., her post-office address.

EX-CONFEDERATE soldiers and their friends, wherever you may be, this is an invitation to send us articles for this department. Anecdotes or reminiscences, written on *one side* of your paper, will be promptly acknowledged.

AT the reunion, nobody was more gladly received than Mrs.

Fannie Breckinridge Steele (daughter of our beloved Gen. John C. Breckinridge). To see her was a joyous surprise to us all, as well as the presence of Mrs. Roger W. Hanson. Their names head the roll of membership of the First Kentucky Brigade.

SEND in your advertisements early. Remember we guarantee a circulation of not less than one thousand, and hope soon to make it ten times that number. Those putting in their cards now for one year will reap the advantage of the increase without extra cost.

ANECDOTE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.—At a council of generals early in the war, one remarked that Major —— was wounded and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"

FORREST'S BATTLE-FLAG.—Mr. Thomas Shacklett, of Brown's Park, Winter County, Utah, says that he knows the whereabouts of the flag used by Forrest's command at the battle of Fort Donaldson. He states that he escaped with it and carried it as far as Tupelo, Miss., and deposited it with a citizen whose name he thinks was Davis. Mr. S. believes it may still be found there.

THE reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry at Blue Lick Springs on the 20th July was a magnificent success. A large number of the old command met and interchanged their heartfelt greetings. The sight will long be remembered by those present, and when they parted it was with a full determination to meet again at Lexington on the 5th September, 1883. May we all live to be there.

A MEMBER of one of the regiments composing the "Orphan Brigade," had never been known to fire his gun in battle, or, for that matter, out of it, although his place in the company was never vacant.

He did not fear the battle's risk,
To him 'twas but a trifle,
But he had a holy horror of
The kick from his own rifle.

THE feasibility of blowing up the tunnel at Tunnel Hill, Ga., in order to delay the march of Sherman to Atlanta, being under discussion by a mess of "wagon-dogs," a lengthy Tennessean suggested that there was no use in doing it, as Sherman had a duplicate of all the Southern roads, and that the destruction of the tunnel would not

delay his advance a day, and the mule-whacker's shot was not very wide of the mark.

J. D. MOORE, of the steamer Vint Shinkle, sends the following anecdote of General Jubal A. Early, in 1862, after the Sharpsburg fight, or, as the Federals have it, Antietam: Some of his musicians sent applications for furloughs to headquarters, which were returned with the following laconic indorsement: "Respectfully disapproved. 'Shooters' before 'tooters.'"

"J. A. EARLY, Major-General."

ON a night march of Breckinridge's division, a Floridian, sleepy and fatigued, fell into a ditch by the roadside, where he lay bemoaning his fate, when the next regiment in line of march came up, and hearing his moans, hastened to his rescue. Standing him upon his feet, bedraggled and slightly demoralized, he turned to one of his rescuers and said, "Stranger, don't you think South Carolina was a little hasty?"

NOT SO PARTICULAR.—When in the vicinity of Yorktown General Magruder and staff were invited to dinner, and in deference to a custom among soldiers, accepted the invitation. As the party moved toward the table, a very ragged soldier quietly occupied a seat intended for one of the staff officers, and began a vigorous onslaught on the edibles, to the great disgust of the gallant general.

"Do you *know*, sir," demanded that officer, "whom you are dining with."

"No!" responded the intruder, with a contemptuous glance at little "Red Breeches," "I *used* to be a little particular about that, but since I've been in the army I don't care a *d—n*, so that the victuals are clean."

After that the meal was discussed in silence, and the general paid for the soldier's dinner.

SOMETHING from W. A. Kendall, Pilot Point, Texas: As a tribute to the memory of my old commander, J. H. Morgan, I will relate the following incident: When Colonel Johnson was detailed by General Rosecranz to capture Morgan, and was on his way to Gallatin, Tennessee, passing through Hartsville, he boasted to the ladies of that patriotic town that they might take off his ears if he returned without the rebel chief, either dead or alive. And on the following day after having encountered the wily rebel

and met a most disastrous defeat, his whole command either killed, captured, or scattered, and himself a prisoner, when within a few miles of Hartsville, where he had made his idle threat and promised mutilation, the writer being wounded and permitted with others to pass the advance guard in order that we might reach Hartsville for surgical aid, we passed the captor and captive, halted in the road, the latter pleading to be spared the humiliation of being taken through town a prisoner; acknowledged having acted the bravado the day previous, overestimating his own prowess and underrating ours, etc. Then his noble captor, true to the instincts of kindness which always characterized him, left the pike, and by circuitous by-paths reached his camp, thus sparing his crest-fallen captive the pain and mortification of meeting those whom he had so recently insulted by his taunts and ungallant threats. Alas! how different when he became a prisoner. A grief-stricken nation, a widow, and an orphan may draw the contrast.

FRED. JOYCE writes the following:

The soldier's lot was not an easy one at best. There are other occupations more inviting even than luxuriating in camp with full half rations of corn bread and blue beet, and the everlasting drill and guard mounting. Under such charming mode of living, I have really heard strong, able-bodied men say they "wish they were at home." But I did have something to happen me once which discounted all my other trials put together, and crowned my lonesome, want-to-go-home existence with a cankering sorrow that shattered my bones. We were on the march, and on one third rations of corn bread and bacon. Of course we measured out the three meals per day as true sons of Kentucky should. I went to bed supperless in order to have a double portion for breakfast ere resuming our forced march. Carefully placing my "Harvy bag" under my head for a pillow, I rushed swiftly to the waiting god of slumber, and immediately dreamed of better days. (They say an empty stomach makes pleasant dreams.)

A snort, a sudden dropping of my head on the ground, a scampering through the dry leaves, and I awoke to find myself pursuing a "razor-backed" sow that had stolen my precious "Harvey" from beneath my head. There is no animal that can outrun a hungry "razor-backed" hog, and they display more magnificent sense (which some learned people, who never saw one run, call instinct) during a chase than any animal, be it a biped or quadruped. Need I go on

with this? I think not. After winding me along the meanderings of Duck River for fifteen minutes, she plunged bravely over a cliff, which, in the dim and uncertain light of the moon I did not discover till nearly too late. My only way of safety was to throw myself against a huge boulder on the brink. When I recovered sufficiently I dragged my mangled body to the edge, and by a single ray of the moon which struggled on the stream, I saw Mrs. "Razor-back" with my dear, greasy, old "Harvey" in her mouth, head high above the water, and swimming with the quiet self-possession of a swan. I sneaked sorely back to camp, and with a heavy heart sank into slumber again.

CAPTAIN F., of the Signal Corps, was visiting his posts near Culpeper, when an infantryman lounged up to the man on duty and seemed deeply interested while the signal-man was "flopping" away right and left with his flag. After gazing a while the soldier drawled out, "I sa-a-y, str-a-nger, are the fl-i-ies a pestering of you?"

WE are endeavoring to get a reliable history of the corps of sharpshooters of Lewis's Kentucky Brigade. When written, it will be of thrilling interest to every reader, as it was probably the most remarkable body of men in the Confederate army. A Federal soldier living in this city says that on one occasion a single member of that corps killed and wounded six of his men in an incredibly short space of time.

A GEORGIA home-guard captain invited a well-known general to witness the "revolutions" of his company. In due time, the company having "fell in," in executing the command, "In two ranks, git," became entangled in a "solid circle." The captain yelled out a "halt," and turned his head to one side, like a duck when he sees the shadow of a hawk, and thought on the situation until an idea struck him, and he triumphantly cried out, "Company, disentangle to the front, march."

WE HAVE FOUND HIM.—A citizen of Georgia who was blessed with an enormous "bay window" was watching the march of Joe Johnston's men when he was suddenly surrounded by a crowd joyfully exclaiming, "We've found him! we've found him!" The captain of the company demanded what they had found. The reply astonished the fat man. "O, captain, *we've found the man who swallowed our bass drum!*"

